



Cathedral of Saint Matthew the Apostle

Washington, District of Columbia

Pentecost May 19, 2024

Celebration of the Eucharist at 5:30pm

Entrance Spirit Blowing Through Creation

Verses



1. Spir - it blow - ing through cre - a - tion,
2. As you moved up - on the wa - ters,
3. Love that sends the riv - ers danc - ing,
4. All the crea - tures you have fash - ioned,



Spir - it burn - ing in the skies,
As you ride up - on the wind,
Love that wa - ters all that lives,
All that live and breathe in you,



Let the hope of your sal - va - tion fill our eyes;
Move us all, your sons and daugh - ters deep with - in;
Love that heals and holds and rous - es and for - gives;
Find their hope in your com - pas - sion, strong and true;



God of splen - dor, God of glo - ry,
 As you shaped the hills and moun - tains,
 You are food for all your crea - tures,
 You, O Spir - it of sal - va - tion,



You who light the stars a - bove,
 Formed the land and filled the deep,
 You are hun - ger in the soul,
 You a - lone, be - neath, a - bove,



All the heav - ens tell the sto - ry of your love. *(To verse 2)*
 Let your hand re - new and wak - en all who sleep. *(To refrain)*
 In your hands the bro - ken - heart - ed are made whole. *(To verse 4)*
 Come, re - new your whole cre - a - tion in your love. *(To refrain)*

Refrain



Spir - it re - new - ing the earth, re - new - ing the hearts of all



peo - ple; Burn in the wea - ry souls,



blow through the si - lent lips, come now a - wake us,



Spir - it of God.

Text: Marty Haugen, b.1950
 Tune: Marty Haugen, b.1950
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Responsorial Psalm



Lord, send out your Spir - it, and re - new the face of the earth.

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Sequence The Sequence will be sung by the choir. Here is the text:

Come, Holy Spirit, come! And from your celestial home Shed a ray of light
divine!

Come, Father of the poor! Come, source of all our store! Come, within our
bosoms shine.

You, of comforters the best; You, the soul's most welcome guest; Sweet
refreshment here below;

In our labor, rest most sweet; Grateful coolness in the heat; Solace in the
midst of woe.

O most blessed Light divine, Shine within these hearts of yours, And our
inmost being fill!

Where you are not, we have naught, Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

Heal our wounds, our strength renew; On our dryness pour your dew;

Wash the stains of guilt away:

Bend the stubborn heart and will; Melt the frozen, warm the chill; Guide the
steps that go astray.

On the faithful, who adore And confess you, evermore In your sevenfold
gift descend;

Give them virtue's sure reward; Give them your salvation, Lord; Give
them joys that never end. Amen. Alleluia.

Preparation

Living Spirit, Holy Fire



1. Liv - ing Spir - it, ho - ly fire, burn - ing bright to
2. Warm us, draw your peo - ple near when our love grows
3. Melt a - way the masks we wear, hid - ing what we
4. O - pen hearts; af - firm us all, man - y - splen - dored,



light our way, blaze a - mong us and in - spire
weak or cold. Free our fro - zen hearts from fear,
know and feel. Risk - ing growth, we want to share
one in you, we em - brace the work, the call:

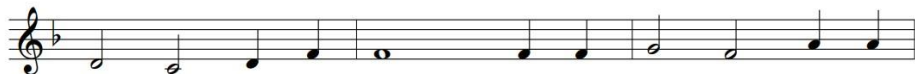


lives that praise you day by day.
that each sto - ry may be told.
love in ac - tion, love that's real.
You are mak - ing all things new.

Final Hymn As a Fire Is Meant for Burning



1. As a fire is meant for burn - ing With a
2. We are learn - ers; we are teach - ers; We are
3. As a green bud in the spring - time Is a



bright and warm - ing flame, So the Church is meant for
pil - grims on the way. We are seek - ers; we are
sign of life re - newed, So may we be signs of



mis - sion, Giv - ing glo - ry to God's name. As we
giv - ers; We are ves - sels made of clay. By our
one - ness Mid earth's peo - ples, man - y hued. As a



wit - ness to the gos - pel, We would
gen - tle, lov - ing ac - tions, We would
rain - bow lights the heav - ens When a



build a bridge of care, Join - ing hands a - cross the
show that Christ is light. In a hum - ble, lis - t'ning
storm is past and gone, May our lives re - flect the



na - tions, Find - ing neigh - bors ev - 'ry - where.
Spir - it, We would live to God's de - light.
ra - diance Of God's new and glor - ious dawn.

Text: Ruth Duck, b.1947, © 1992, GIA Publications, Inc.
Tune: BEACH SPRING, 8 7 8 7 D; *The Sacred Harp*, 1844; harm. by Marty Haugen, b.1950

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